

# Mind



# Matter.

Physical Life—The Primary Department in the School of Human Progress.

VOL. III. { MIND AND MATTER Publishing House, No. 713 Sansom Street, Phila., Pa.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 28, M. S. 34.

{ \$2.00 PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; } NO. 27. Single Copies Five Cents.

## AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY ANNIE H. LANING.

Before a pretty country seat, out on the sloping green  
Some eighty years ago and more a little child was seen;  
Clad in his first pair of pants he seemed more proud than he,  
As now he marched in manly state, then pranced in childish  
glee.

Upon the porch his parents sat, watching their darling boy  
With stones and sticks his pockets fill, nor knew they half  
his joy.  
The sun was sinking in the west, painting the clouds so bright,  
Peeping beneath the trees low bough, as if to say good night.  
There in its slanting rays he stood and saw his shadow fall  
In lengthened lines which showed to him a manly stature tall.  
That evening's scene, so calm and bright though viewed in  
years gone by.

Is mirrored still on memory's page that little boy was I.

My parents' only child I was and soon I learned to see,  
How all their hopes and tender care were centered then in me;  
And when my school days first began I oft would hear them  
tell

How smart I was, how fast I learned, that none had done so  
well.

Then I began to study hard, lest I should lose my fame,  
And feel exultant when I filled a bigger boy with shame,  
And long I held the envied place which seemed my right to be,  
And heard my name with honors read—what pride it roused  
in me!

The teachers praised my great success and said I was their  
pride,  
And boys began to look to me as their unerring guide,  
Thus no one in the school aspired to rob me of my fame,  
Or equal me in any task till little Edwin came;

A slender lad about my age the village cobbler's son,  
He knew he must be diligent, he had not long to come—  
For they were very poor at home, and he was called to share  
His father's labors in the shop with many an added care,

Though Edwin early learned of toll to take an active part,  
Yet books and knowledge seemed to be the cravings of his  
heart.

And so he likewise studied hard this hoped for prize to gain,  
When thus I found a rival and my glory seemed to wane.

While I was still more quick of thought which made the  
greater show,  
Whatever he learned he ne'er forgot, thus proved the sure  
and slow.

Hence, when some meritorious work was given us to do,  
The boys began to take their sides in honor of us two.

And though I oft times won the prize, I oftener chafed with  
shame.

To hear upon the honored list read first my rival's name,

Then envy in my childish heart set up her selfish rule,

Till secretly I wished some ill might call the boy from school.

But when his short allotted time seemed drawing to an end,  
Quite innocent of how I felt he sought me for his friend,  
He told me how he hoped to be a good and useful man,  
Breathing in confidence to me his cherished hidden plan.

He thought if I would loan him books the kind he most  
should need.

To help him to mature his wish I'd be his friend indeed,  
But now the dreams that Edwin had were so much like my  
own,

That in my heart I vowed to leave him struggle all alone.

Yet gave him but a weak consent to do what'er I could

To aid him—lest he'd seek and find some other friend who  
would.

To gain some high position that might bring him wealth and  
fame.

And earned his life with honors and a proud undying name,

Who where his aspirations led and he as this confessed,

I saw my airy castles melt away in vapor and mist;

For I had painted pictures too, and laid my future plan;

And now I saw he still would be my rival when a man.

But while I was exulting o'er what seemed to give him pain,

He told me with a beaming face he would at school remain,

His father promised he might stay if he would persevere,

And join the graduating class when closed the present year.

And when the teachers learned of this he won their special  
care,

And many favors received which others did not share,

Then I devoted all my time preparing while at home,

To make myself his rival when that closing term should come.

But ah! what disappointment filled me when the names  
were read,

Though mine was second on the list, yet Edwin's name had  
led.

Now, had I numbered five or six, to me no pain were given,  
If on that list I could have known that Edwin's name was  
seven.

Thus leaving school, we now began to tread life's broader  
way.

Edwin to study and to toil, I to a life more gay,

Courted and praised from childhood I learned to know my  
power,

And with indulgent friends could sit and chat away the hour,

But Edwin filled with sterner cares had lived so much alone,

And shrank from seeking gay friends till he was scarcely  
known.

'Twas thus the months and years rolled by till I—mid social  
glare—

Had quite forgotten how I wished some famous name to  
bear.

But when I heard it whispered round how Edwin sought to  
gain

A certain high position, which would lead to paths of fame;

His childhood's painted fancies, which then were but ideal,

I now beheld assuming shape and fast becoming real.

Then to my mind there came the thought that I might also  
try

To gain that same position, now both luculent and high,

I felt that I was competent to fill it, and I knew

I had those influential friends who would assist me through.

While Edwin had but simple worth, which does not go as far  
As clamorous friends, and ready purse, to make the public  
star.

But then I asked, "can this be right? for Edwin still is poor  
While I have much of life's rich gifts which he cannot  
secure."

At this my friends accosted me as tender-hearted Fred,

And called me weak, while Edwin's cause derivatively they  
plead,

They said I lacked of energy to let the chance go by,

And held the picture to my view till I resolved to try.

But soon I learned, to my surprise, that friends had Edwin  
too.

Those who had watched his faithful life and interested grew,

And these were working for him now, as were my friends  
for me.

When stealth and cunning thus began their war with  
honesty.

For while he sought by upright means to gain the world's  
applause,

I oft was pained to hear my friends belie him in my cause.

For Edwin's life had e'er been pure, no tempter snared his  
feet;

And thus an honest life for him was easier than deceit.

But when at last the hour arrived and all the voices were cast,

And I victorious, now I felt my rubicon was past.

Not could the flattering noisy throng around me serve to  
swage.

The deep responsibility which must my thoughts engage.

What I had seen before me, as the glittering star of fame,  
Now lost its gorgeous splendor as nearer now it came.  
The loud huzzas that greeted me from friends on every side,  
Now seemed just half distasteful while they roused my  
youthful pride.

Then as I soon began to fill my new and honored place,  
I well determined that my name should never disgrace.  
Resolved to labor for the right, I laid my careful plan,  
By which I meant to live and die a noble honest man.

While Edwin, quite disengaged, had returned to quiet life,  
Where he, in literary joys, seemed saved from public strife,  
But soon, too soon, I found myself beset each night and day,  
By those to whom I owed a debt which honor made me pay.

I could not rudely treat the friend who tolled so hard for me,  
Yet if I granted his request it must injure his he.

'Twas then I learned this bitter truth; they who had served  
me most  
Were seeking for themselves, to gain some high and hon-  
ored post.

Then I resolved to try my friends, and choose the good and  
just,

And just only those with place, whom I could safely trust.

But this I found was dangerous work, their enmity to gain,  
For soon I learned that power was theirs the honest could  
not claim.

And so through fear, or policy, I yielded to their plan,

When oft in little things I failed to be the honest man.

Thus I became the honored guest of those I ne'er had known,

Which but a little while ago I would have blushed to own.

The midnight feasts, so richly spread with meats and spark-  
ling wines,

Where pinsters meet, with ready wit, to please the vulgar  
minds;

And strains of martial music which would make the soul to  
glow;

Al! the churm of that enchantment, only those who've felt  
it know.

Nor can the never tempted heart learn so short a time

How constant intercourse can make the soul at home with  
crime;

And soon I grew a victim to the tempter's cruel snare,

Till power and influence I found had left me unaware.

Then with them went my flattering friends who now were  
first to blame,

And publish wide my foolish fault and dispute my claim.

When losing thus my honored post, I thought to seek again  
My honest, worthy friends of old, my heart was filled with  
shame.

My disengaged habits were so pictured in my face,

I felt that such a contrast would but prove my own disgrace;

And so I threw my life away in dissipation wild,

Till those who writhed as myself were all that on me smiled.

With those I could not mingle yet, though I had sunk as low,

For I had shamed in holler joys, and could not backward go.

Then in my wretched loneliness did I recall the past,

I thought of Edwin and how fate our different lots had cast.

I wondered why his life should be so bright and peaceful now,

Without one self-reproach to cast a gloom upon his brow;

While I by fate seemed doomed to steal the tempter's cruel  
bait,

With those I seemed all absorbed in one ambitious theme,

Which was his cheering thought by day, and slumbering was  
his dream.

And when he seemed almost to grasp what he desired so  
much,

Then I was who gained the prize which he had failed to touch.

"Twas thus I won his enmity, and bore alone the blame,

For all the cruel blots which in truth had been my pain.

Long with a feeling of revenge had Edwin seemed to live,

Reproaching me for all my ill, nor learned he to forgive;

And while he thought how many homes in wretchedness to-  
day,

Would have known comfort had he held what I had thrown  
away.

To him my fault grew blacker, and he must and failed to think

How bitter was the galling cup from which I now must  
drink;

When thus I learned of Edwin whom I had thought so good,  
I knew now wherein he might be better if he would.

For while he sighed for chances which I oft had thrown away,

I saw where he had done the same in pining and delay.

I wondered then if hearts when true thus warned in sympathy

For others, would not have one thought of charity for me.

And other years again rolled by till we both have grown old,

Declaring that this life is vain, and all the world seems cold.

To-day while I was pondering upon this gloomy theme,

Absorbed in thought I fell asleep and thus began to dream:

I was wandering in the darkness nor knew which way to turn,

All objects seemed invisible my path I could not learn.

Then as I paused bewildered there I turned a heavenward  
gaze,

And saw the stars above me, shine as through a misty haze,

But while I stood and watched them, lo! they seemed to

grow more bright,

Till all the mist had passed away and heaven seemed clothed  
in light;

When suddenly one star appeared the brighter of them all,

Which gilded quickly toward me and then I saw it fall.

Quicker than thought the star was changed, when now an  
angel bright

Was standing very near me, while I saw 'twas growing light.

What had been in wakefulness my thoughts absorbing

theme,

no respecter of persons or stations in life, yet such is the inharmony attending the lives of the rich, and the hypocrisy, selfishness and lack of fraternal feeling connected with the care of wealth, that our mediums are generally poor and dependent upon their own efforts for all they enjoy. At least as far as collections are concerned, mediums should not be managers of the finances of their business. Failure and the straits of poverty in consequence, are so common as to suggest the fact of some law underlying their action. If asked on this or the other case, why they have made less than living charges for services rendered, they will always answer that they were impressed that the party was poor and not able to pay more, or simply, that they were impressed to make the remuneration a light one. Just after mediumistic work the sensitive, through expenditure and use of the forces employed in the work, is in an unusually yielding and passive state, with generally more or less drowsiness and confusion, perhaps we should say inactivity, of the mental powers; and from this fact, very liable to be subject to influences from this side of life. With the visitor, on the contrary, the mental nature is aroused as a result of the sitting, and habitual acquisitiveness steps in as a ruling factor. Without intending wrong, the person who settles the bill often most intensely and positively wills the medium to make it light or to make no charge at all. The latter unsuspectingly yields to the psychological pressure brought to bear, and not discriminating from what source it comes, actually supposes it to be a part of the work of the unseen operators, to whose management he is indebted for results, and with whose reasonable wishes he always tries to comply. Through psychological law, then, whose application is not understood, the medium is thus often defrauded of his just dues.

The signs of the times are, that people are beginning to realize that the foundation of all this new truth that is being infused into every department of society, permeating our literature, gradually changing our usages and undermining the hoary-headed piles of error built in the long ago; thereby ushering in of a new state of things, wherein reason is the authority and a recognition of the demonstrated unseen is a primal part of the movement—that the groundwork of all this is the phenomena of Spiritualism; and, co-existent with these, is the welfare of the mediums through whom they are produced. With pain the looker-on in the past, has seen the would-be leaders of the cause audaciously put themselves in the front—petted and lauded by journals that have claimed to be the exponents of the new truth; while the mediums have been only tolerated as part of the promiscuous assemblages that helped to make up their show. Read their bills and programmes, and it would be difficult to find mention of mediums or of mediumistic work.

But the times are changing—homes for the weary worn-out worker; rooms constructed in which to welcome those who bring with them the proofs of immortality; reporters who witness and dare tell the truth without comment; papers and journals springing up without number, who aspire to lead the public mind in the new way; a live paper, *MIND AND MATTER*, that dares each week to issue its honest thought of the foe to the truth that is heaven-born, no matter how high a pedestal of popularity he stands on, nor how well robed and concealed in the purple and fine linen of the day! the great theological falsehood that surrounds us and makes murky the sky of truth, is being dispelled by the breezes of knowledge through mediumistic channels that give us the why and how of the greatest of all frauds, Christianity and its origin; the "committees" or towers of defence for the brave support of the medium from the brutality of ignorance. All this shows that the mediums are to be, in fact are now being, recognized. We are getting to understand that we shall be dead—as dead as any of the fossilized religions or philosophies that have preceded Spiritualism, when our phenomena cease. For this phenomenal demonstration, our mediums are our all.

The reverberations of the Hydesville rap will topple over the ignorance of the people in due time—the work is in full progress. The materializations of to-day are a stunner, which nothing but the lowest and most brutal element of human nature will attempt to meet in personal opposition. The Spiritualist should really feel nothing ruffle him, from the simple fact that he is on the right side, backed by the truth, of which it is said "the eternal years of God are her's!" The great duty of the hour with us all, is the work of this brave sheet—the protection of our mediums; whether from the coarse assault in the seance room, the injury through the instrument of spirit enemies—as is the case of the woman with the lantern—or the obsequious panderers to the haters of truth in journalistic presentation; whether from the many foes within our own professed lines, or the open ones without; no matter which way we turn, there is lively work for us all. The end of Spiritualism's first third of a century is the most marked with events of all the time since its inauguration; and it will be noticed that in all the struggles and upheavings, the truth more than holds its own. It is evident that the worker is to meet with recognition—his efforts will tell.

Out, then, upon that cowardice that has concealed the best there was of life, in fear of the undevelopment of those around us, until false lives become habits and the spontaneous freshness of a frank truthfulness, has vanished with the erased lines of manhood and womanhood from the face! Our facts and their widespread acceptance, make the thing to fear in the shape of public opinion, and the man or woman who will be frank, outspoken, staunch and brave, will command more respect from the worst enemies of our cause, than all the milk fed consumers of "summerland" moonshine, or feeders on "Christian" Spiritualistic pap. The times demand something else than soothing syrup for prejudices and opinions already formed. They need new truth; accompanied by the demonstration of unanswerable facts, such as the phenomenal manifestations presented to thinkers to-day—truth that will do what the patchwork and botchwork of theology has so long failed to do, elevate and exalt humanity through knowledge and intelligence, out from its slough of ignorance and wretchedness.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Alfred James

I prepared to answer calls to lecture under spirit control, on subjects chosen by the audience or answer questions, or spirits will choose their own subjects at the option of the society, at any point within one hundred miles of Philadelphia. For full particulars and terms address,

A. JAMES,

No. 1119 Watkins St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### THE TRUE TEST.

The Merit of Religion, Government, Persons and Things Must Rest upon a Basis of Worth.

SOME TRUTHS ILLUSTRATING THIS, AND TESTIMONY OF VALUE TO ALL READERS.

[Christian at Work.]

The true test of any religion is the effect it produces upon the lives of those who profess it. And, indeed, the test of real merit everywhere must be the power it possesses of accomplishing desirable results. In this age of the world men are not judged by what they claim to be able to do, but by what they can do; not by what they are reputed to be, but by what they are. Here is where the religion of our own country rises superior to the faith of Mohammedan or Hindoo lands; for while there is much hypocrisy in the Church, and far too much worldliness, there is yet an absence of those sensual and brutal elements which characterize the religions of Arabia and the Ganges.

This principle is equally true in all other departments of life. The same rule which applies to persons is equally applicable to things. Unquestioned merit must characterize them all, or they cannot be acceptable, much less popular. The clear and well arranged lecture delivered by Dr. Chas. Craig before the Metropolitan Scientific Association appeared in the columns of this paper a short time since. In this lecture some new truths were brought to light bearing direct upon, and affecting the interests of, the entire community. These facts, as stated by the doctor in his lecture, have been discussed in the columns of the religious press to a considerable extent in the past, and that, too, by very prominent personages. A few years ago the Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., of Washington, who is prominently known among the Congregational denominations of the country, published an article upon the same subject which drew forth most bitter replies from prominent physicians, and in response to these articles Dr. Rankin published long communications in the New York *Independent*, the Boston *Congregationalist* and the Chicago *Advance* reiterating his former statements and strongly emphasizing them. In these articles Dr. Rankin frankly stated he was as strongly convinced of the efficacy of the means used as he was that the Genesee river emptied into Lake Ontario. He further said: "I have known too, of its use in similar cases by physicians of the highest character and standing, and I want, in the interest of humanity, to recommend Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure."

Now, while very few people are afflicted as severely as was Dr. Craig, or the cases Dr. Rankin refers to, still it is a lamentable fact that the great majority of people, in all parts of the land, are suffering to a greater or less extent from ill health and that this lack of health arises from either disordered kidneys or liver. Some additional facts, from the highest sources, of special interest upon a subject of such importance to the community have therefore been collected by this paper, and are herewith given:

Rev. D. W. Bartine, M. D., D. D., is known in all parts of the land as a prominent and efficient leader in the Methodist denomination. In speaking upon this same subject as shown in his own experience he said: "Some few months since I found myself suffering from a kidney difficulty which I knew to be the first stages of Bright's disease. By the use of a reliable test I found that my system was giving off albumen, and in some instances in a coagulated state. I also suffered severely from dropsy, particularly about the ankles, together with slight pains about the kidneys, derangement of digestion and great dryness of the skin. I had at all times much thirst, and of course this was followed by a gradual failing of strength. That was about the state of things when I commenced using the preparation known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I took about six table-spoonfuls every day for a week, and found all my symptoms decidedly improving. I continued taking the remedy until I entirely recovered."

In a communication made by Rev. Dr. C. A. Harvey, the well-known financial and educational secretary of Harvard University, Washington, D. C., the doctor says:

"I have for the past few years been acquainted with the remedy known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure and with its remarkable curative efficacy in obstinate and so-called incurable cases of Bright's disease which occurred in this city. In some of these cases, which seemed to be in the last stages and had been given up by practitioners of both schools, the speedy cures which were wrought by this remedy seemed to be little less than miraculous. I am convinced that for Bright's disease in all its stages, including those first symptoms of kidney troubles which are so easily overlooked, but are so fraught with danger, no remedy heretofore discovered can be held for one moment in comparison with this, and I hope that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure may become as widely known as is the existence of the malady which it will cure."

Rev. A. C. Kendrick, D. D., LL. D., who is Professor of Hebrew and Greek languages in the University of Rochester, N. Y., and who is one of the American revisers of the New Testament, in speaking of the effect which Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure had upon himself, stated most emphatically that he had received marked benefit from it, and he cordially recommended it to the use of others.

Rev. A. Bramley, pastor of the Arsenal street M. E. church, Watertown, N. Y., testified in a recent interview that the first few bottles of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure had entirely removed the distinctive features of a severe kidney difficulty, and that while he had not been able to lie upon his back without great pain for more than five years, he was now not only able to do so, but slept soundly, ate heartily and calls himself a well man.

Rev. A. P. Hill, of Shoehoe, N. C., having been troubled with a severe kidney and liver disease for a number of years, said: "I have been praying for relief for four years, and I believe I got it in answer to prayer. May God bless the firm who manufacture Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. Many of my friends have also used it with marked benefit, and I hope my testimony in its behalf may save the lives and relieve many who are now severely suffering from kidney or liver troubles in some of their many and dangerous forms."

Rev. P. F. Marklee, in writing from Montgomery, Ala., said: "I have paid at least one thousand dollars for doctors and medicine and never received any relief until I commenced taking Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I am too

thankful to express in words the benefit this medicine has done my family and myself. I have been to the hot springs, sulphur springs and several other places noted for the curative properties of the waters, but this great remedy did for me what everything else failed to do—it cured me. I hope the Good Father may crown the efforts of those who are manufacturing it, for the noble work they are doing."

There are no more reliable endorsements to be found in this land than those above given and coming from divines of such prominence, they prove beyond a doubt the value of the great remedy of which they speak. It should also be remembered that Mr. H. H. Warner, the proprietor and manufacturer of this remedy, was himself cured by its use after having been given up to die by several physicians. So grateful was he for his remarkable cure, that he determined the world should know of this remedy, and he therefore began its manufacture. Mr. Warner is also a prominent patron of other public enterprises and the sciences, and by endowing the Warner Astronomical Observatory at Rochester, as well as by his many other public benefactions, has become known to, and respected by, the entire land. His standing alone is an ample guarantee of the purity and worth of the remedy he makes, but the thousands of testimonials from all parts of America gratefully telling of the relief it has given, prove it beyond a question. As a result, it is attracting great and universal attention, throughout the entire country. No one fact has been more apparent in the past few years than that kidney and liver troubles are alarmingly increasing. When, therefore, a remedy has been found which not only cures the worst as well as all minor troubles of this nature, but also regulates, controls and keeps in perfect order these most important organs at all times, it is certainly cause for gratitude. This is just what has been done in thousands of cases in addition to those above mentioned, and it is what will be done in tens of thousands of other cases in the very near future.



### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE MOSS ROSE.

[SELECTED.]

The Angel of the flowers one day  
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay.—  
That spirit to whose charge is given  
To bathe young buds in dew from heaven,  
Awakening from his slight repose,  
The Angel whispered to the Rose,—  
"O fondest object of my care,  
Still fairest found where all is fair,  
For the sweet shade thou hast given me,  
Ask what thou will; 'tis granted thee."  
Then said the Rose, with deepened glow,  
"On me another grace bestow;"  
"On me another grace bestow;"  
The Angel paused in silent thought,—  
What grace was there the flower had not?  
"Twas but a moment, o'er the Rose  
A veil of moss the Angel threw.

Johnnie's Dream.

BY ANTHONY E. ANDERSON.

Perhaps if Johnnie's papa had not been such a very funny man, Johnnie wouldn't have had this dream at all; for then, don't you see?—he would not have eaten the mince pie, and the doughnuts, and all the other things.

But Johnnie's papa was a very funny papa indeed. He had twinkling blue eyes that always seemed to be laughing at something—nobody knew what; even funny papa himself didn't always know why he laughed. He was jolly, and fat, and smiling—for all the world like Santa Claus; and he always carried sugar-plums and peppermints in his pockets for all the little children that he met. Oh, he was a very funny papa!

And then Johnnie did so love to eat! He would eat, and eat, and eat, and never seemed to be quite satisfied,—except once. One evening at the supper table, funny papa said, "Well, Johnnie, don't you feel rather hungry?"

Of course Johnnie was very hungry—everybody would have been astonished if he wasn't—and funny papa piled, oh, such a heap of good things on his plate! Mamma remonstrated at this, and said that it would make Johnnie sick; but funny papa whispered something in her ear, and ended with, "We will teach the child a lesson."

Johnnie heard this last, but didn't understand, and was too much occupied with his roast chicken and potatoes to care what it did mean.

My! but Johnnie feasted royally that evening! Papa replenished his plate many times, and at last our greedy little Johnnie felt quite satisfied. Funny papa told him that he might stay up this evening till nine—Johnnie's bed-time was eight. Johnnie was delighted, and thought that he must be the happiest boy alive that evening.

But it was long before even eight o'clock that he became very drowsy and tired. Funny papa urged him to stay up longer, and he'd tell him a wonderful story; but Johnnie wouldn't—and really could not if he would. So mamma tucked him and a rosy-cheeked apple safe into the little trundle-bed. Johnnie took one tiny bite of the apple, and then fell asleep. He dreamed that he was standing on a wild and desolate sea-shore; the waves dashed angrily upon the gray rocks near, and now and then the wailing cry of the loon would be borne to his ears. Just then a great crow came flying over the sea toward him, with loud "caw! caw's!"

The crow settled on a rock near Johnnie, and rolled up her eyes in a way which frightened him very much. This seemed to amuse her immensely, and she laughed hoarsely, "Haw! haw! haw!"

"Please, what do you want?" asked Johnnie in trembling tones.

"I want you!" croaked Mrs. Crow Black. "What did you eat my cousin for?"

Johnnie looked mystified. "I didn't eat your cousin," he protested.

"Yes, you did!" said Mrs. Crow Black, very impolitely, Johnnie thought; "her name was Miss Chickie Spring."

Johnnie made no reply. There wasn't any use in answering, when she contradicted everything he said, he thought.

"You greedy, greedy boy!" Mrs. Black went on, catching her breath every now and then, with a sort of a sob; "not content with what you had before, you had to eat my cousin. Goodness knows what I and my poor family are to do! Do you see what you have done, you cruel wretch? Now we'll have to put on mourning again, for our old clothes are all rusty and worn out; and we are so poor—so very poor!" and she sobbed, and wiped her streaming eyes with one of her claws.

Then she glared angrily at Johnnie:

"What have you got there, you little greedy?" He was holding the apple which he had bitten before going to sleep.

"Crawl right into that worm-hole," said Mrs. Black, imperatively. "I'm going to carry you home, and perhaps my children will punish you as you deserve."

Johnnie wondered how he was going to get into the apple, but Mrs. Black looked so threatening, that he didn't dare disobey her. To his surprise, he could crawl in quite readily.

"Go 'way in," croaked Mrs. Black; "I'm going to carry the apple by the stem, and you may fall out if you don't."

It was very dark within the apple, but as soon as Johnnie's eyes became accustomed to the darkness he could see quite well. A huge worm was lying right before him. To Johnnie it was a very terrible monster, indeed. It stared at him with dull, pinkish-red eyes.

"So we are travelling companions," it said, in a sort of wheezy whisper. "I heard what Mrs. Crow Black said. She's a regular tartar, and I wouldn't like to be in your shoes, my boy."

Johnnie did not know what a tartar was, but thought it must be something very terrible, if Mrs. Black was one.

"You are a pretty good boy," the worm went on, keeping its head in an idiotic, undulating motion, "but very much too fond of sweet apples—sweet apples, mind. If you liked sour apples, now, I could stand it, and would never complain; but sweet ones—ah, never! You have eaten so many of my relatives that I ought to be angry with you, but I'm not; I don't harbor any ill-feelings, I'm sure."

"But you crippled me for life once, when I lived in another apple. You bit off six of my legs—it's a mercy you didn't kill me outright!—and now, I can't go to my sister's ball next week," and the worm sobbed plaintively.

Johnnie pitied it for having lost its legs, and then himself, for having eaten them.

Just then the apple began to tremble, and the worm said, looking frightened:

"I do hope Mrs. Crow Black will be careful, and not let go the stem; for if she does, we'll surely be drowned."

The worm was lying in a very cramped position indeed, and began to stretch itself. Johnnie retreated, and the worm called out:

"Look out! there's an apple seed right behind you!"

But the warning came too late. Johnnie tripped over the seed, and began to roll towards the opening of the worm hole.

Before he could stop himself, he was falling down, down, down to the billowy, gray sea below, and then—he awoke!

The next morning Johnnie cut the apple which he had taken to bed, into four pieces. Sure enough there was a worm in it!

"Why-ee!" said Johnnie, very much surprised;

"be you the worm that I travelled with?"

But the worm said never a word. It wriggled so much that Johnnie couldn't see if six of its legs were missing or not. Perhaps it wasn't the crippled worm, after all.

I don't know whether Johnnie learned the "lesson" funny papa wished him to, or not; but I do know that he always looks well at sweet apples before he eats them!—*Young Folks' Rural*.

Reply to Mr. Thompson.

To the Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

As I do not wish to lumber your columns with unmeaning verbiage. My reply to Friend Thompson will be brief. The ground of difference between us seems to be mistaken; he advocates a monarch of the universe surrounded by an aristocracy of spirit independent of matter (see his reference to deity as a bottom fact); I, that the universe is a republic, the powers that govern derived from the governed, the two conditions that constitute the sexes inseparable and convertible, call them spirit and matter or what you please. Until this question is settled on a self-sustaining base all argument about derived conditions is only repeating the folly that has made our world a human slaughter-house.

While admitting that my logic is good, Friend Thompson says it affords no proof that the sexes are convertible. He admits that the elements that constitute the

## SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

ALFRED JAMES, MEDIUM.

PYRRHON, (An Electric Philosopher.)

I GREET YOU, SIR:—To me, in my mortal life, everything was uncertain. In fact, I lived in a constant state of doubt. I was constituted in that way. The elements were so intermixed in my mortal life that I could not see it clearly. I never believed in making assertions, nor did I have much faith in prophecy. There seemed to me to be two kinds of prophecy. The one prophesied evil, the other good. In following these prophecies, I found they were as often wrong as right. Doubt is a good teacher, because it keeps you in that state of mind that provides for the worst that can happen. As for invocations, consulting oracles, looking to gods and to spirits, unless you are very careful and possess strong reasoning faculties you are as often led in the ways of error as of truth. My school of philosophy was the uncertain one, but it had the advantage of keeping its followers always prepared for trouble. Trouble is the best teacher that you can possibly find in the school of human experience. The lives of men and women are made up of storms, that are in reality the blessings of the ages in which they occur. So, with no prospects of happiness, but a willingness to accept it, if it come in the best way, I was content to face the chances of an immortal life. With these storms to contend against, you are then prepared for all emergencies that may arise. To feel that you are never secure in the safest condition for any one to experience. This was the substance of my teaching as a mortal, for the spirit who comes over here expecting too much, or who prides himself or herself on his or her merits and integrity, is the one who is frequently obliged to occupy the back seats as a spirit. The best information that I can give you mortals is to bring over with you the consciousness that you have done the best that surrounding circumstances would allow; and that your intention is to work, not for the happiness of yourself, but for the happiness of all humanity. I lived about 300 B. C., and was a philosopher of Elis. My name was Pyrrhon. Good-bye, sir.

[We take the following concerning Pyrrhon from Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.—Ed.]

Pyrrhon, a celebrated Greek philosopher, a native of Elis. He was the son of Pleistarchus, or Pistocrates, and is said to have been poor, and to have followed, at first, the profession of a painter. He is then said to have been attracted to philosophy by the books of Democritus; to have attended the lectures of Bryson, a disciple of Stilpon; to have attached himself closely to Anaxarchus, a disciple of the Democritian Metrodorus, and with him to have joined the expedition of Alexander the Great. Anstocles describes Anaxarchus as his teacher, and on the expedition to have become acquainted with the Magians and the Indian gynosophist. That his sceptical theories originated in his intercourse with them was asserted by Ascanius of Abdara, probably without reason. It is more likely that he derived from them his endeavours after imperturbable equanimity and entire independence of all external circumstances, and the resistance of that immobility which is said to have been natural to him. It is manifest, however, that his biographer Antigonus had already invented fables about him. A half insane man, such as he depicts him, the Eleans assuredly would never have chosen as high priest; and Aenesidemus, to confute such stories, had already maintained that Pyrrhon had indeed, in philosophising, refrained from discussion, but that in action he by no means blindly abandoned himself to the sport of circumstances. Pyrrhon's disciple, Timon, who, in his Python, had detailed long conversations which he had with Pyrrhon; extolled with admiration his divine repose of soul, his independence of all shackles of external relations, and of all deception and sophistical obscurity. He compared him to the imperturbable sun-god, who hangs aloft over the earth. What progress he had made in laying a scientific foundation for his scepticism cannot be determined with accuracy, but it is probable that Timon, who, as it appears, was more a poet than a philosopher, was indebted to him for the essential features of the reasons for doubt which were developed by him. Just as later sceptics saw the beginnings of their doctrines in the expressions of the poets and most ancient philosophers on the insufficiency of human knowledge and the uncertainty of life, so Pyrrhon also interpreted lines of his favorite Homer in the sceptical sense. That dogmatic convictions lay at the foundation of the scepticism of Pyrrhon was maintained only by Numenius. Still more groundless, without doubt, is the statement of the Abderite Ascanius, that Pyrrhon would recognize neither beautiful nor ugly, right nor wrong, and maintained that as nothing is according to truth, so the actions of men are determined only by law and custom. That on the contrary, he left the validity of moral requirements unassailed, and directed his endeavours to the production of a moral state of disappointment, is attested not only by individual, well authenticated traits of character and expressions, but also by the way in which Timon expressed himself with respect to the moral, and by the respect which the Pyrrhonians cherished for Socrates. The conjecture is not improbable that Pyrrhon regarded the great Athenians as his pattern.

"No books written by Pyrrhon are quoted, except a poem addressed to Alexander. We have no mention of the year either of his birth or death, but only that he reached the age of ninety years; nor do we learn how old he was when he took part in Alexander's expedition. The Eleans honored the memory of their philosophical countryman even after his death. Pausanias saw his likeness (a bust or statue) in a ston by the agora of Elis, and a monument dedicated to him outside the city."

[In view of the fact that neither the medium nor ourself had any knowledge whatever that such a person as Pyrrhon ever lived, there can hardly be a question that the above communication is genuine. The perfectly clear explanation of the basic principles of his philosophical teachings as therein set forth, shows that it was the spirit of Pyrrhon himself who communicated.—Ed.]

OVID, (A Roman Poet.)

LET US LABOR FOR THE TRUTH:—In the mortal life I was a poet; but in my poetry there were sentiments which are not suited for the generation in which you live. Lasciviousness was at its height in my day, for corrupt women make corrupt men.

All the good that I achieved was sunk by my intellect becoming captive to licentiousness. In my younger days I started out with the determination to set an example of purity to the people of my day. Good resolutions are easily made, but are difficult of execution. If I do say it, my talents led me to be appreciated by the noble and the wealthy. In the society of such people lies a gilded snake, which, when it once wraps itself around your limbs, is more dangerous than the most deadly serpent to be found in the physical world, and the name of that snake is Luxury. It destroys all sound principles, and leaves you in your old age a physical and moral wreck. There has been much disputing among modern writers in regard to the secret of my banishment; and I will now inform you what it was that caused me to be banished from the luxury I craved, to become a hermit and misanthrope. I knew the secrets of the nobility, and the secrets of the rich mean damnation to those who are not as rich and powerful. The secret was this: that the emperor Augustus even committed incest with his own daughter named Julia; and I, knowing this positively, was given my choice to die or to be banished. For this I was banished to a place called Tomis, on the Euxine sea; where I died peacefully, but regrettably, for my mind was running after the luxuries of this life, and not caring much for spiritual advancement. As a spirit I would say that the curse of appetite and passion follows you long after you enter into spirit life, and keeps you back from becoming free. In fact it is like the burthen on the shoulders of Atlas, a world of remorse, and remorse is hell. It burns within you—shrivels up your spirit—and makes you curse yourself for not having acted up to the noble principles which your true spirit promptings sought to have you do. I wish all young persons who read this communication would pause and reflect when tempted by the serpent Luxury. I passed to spirit life about A. D. 55 or 57, and my name was Ovid. [We take the following account of Ovid from Chambers' Cyclopaedia.—Ed.]

"Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naso), the descendant of an old equestrian family, was born on the 20th of March, B. C. 43, at Sulmo, in the country of the Peltini. He was educated for the bar, and under his masters, Aurielius Fuscus, and Porcius Latro, he became highly proficient in the art of declamation. His genius, however, was essentially that of the poet, and the writing of verses began to absorb the time that should have been spent in the study of jurisprudence. His father, having but a scanty patrimony to divide between his two sons, discouraged this tendency in the younger, but in vain. By the death of his elder brother, Ovid inherited all his father's property, and went for the completion of his education, to Athens, where he acquired a perfect mastery of the Greek language. He afterwards made a tour in Asia and Sicily along with the poet Macer. It is uncertain whether on his return to Rome, he ever practised as advocate. Although by birth entitled to aspire to the dignity, he never entered the Senate; his weakness of body and indolence of habit prevented him from ever rising higher than from the position of triumvir capitalis to that of a decemvir, who convened and presided over the court of the centumviri. While his public life was unimportant, his private was that of a gay and licentious man of letters. The restraint of the matrimonial tie was always distasteful to him; twice married in early life, he soon divorced each of his wives; while he carried on an intrigue with a lady whom he celebrated as Corinna, and who is believed to have been no other than Julia, the accomplished daughter of Augustus. Before his 30th year he married a third time, and became the father of Perilla, of whom he was tenderly fond. Up till his 50th year, he resided chiefly at Rome, in a house near the Capitol, and occasionally visited his Peltini estate. His society was much courted, and his large circle of distinguished friends included Augustus and his imperial family. By an edict of the emperor, however, he was, in 9 A. D., commanded to leave Rome for Tornis, a town near the delta of the Danube, and on the very limit of the empire. The sentence did not condemn him to an *exilium*, but to a *relegatio*—or in other words, he did not lose his citizenship, nor was he cut off from all hope of return. The cause of this sudden banishment has long divided the opinions of scholars, since the one mentioned in the edict—the publication of his *Art. Amatoria*—was a mere pretext, the poem having been in circulation for ten years before. His intrigue with Julia, or with Julia's daughter, and the consequent displeasure of Augustus or of Livia, have been adduced with various degrees of plausibility, as the cause of a sentence to which Ovid himself only mysteriously refers. The misery of his life on the inhospitable and barbarous shore of the Euxine is commemorated by the poems in the composition of which he found solace. He became a favorite with the Tornite, whose language he learned and before whom he publicly recited some poems in honor of Augustus. But his devotion to the emperor, and the entreaties addressed to the imperial court by himself and his friends, failed to shorten the term, or to change the scene of his banishment, so he died an honored citizen of Tornis, 18 A. D., in his 60th year."

[While there is a discrepancy in the date given by the spirit as to the time of his death and that recorded, we regard the communication as undoubtedly authentic. It is often very difficult for spirits to give the dates they desire to fix, correctly. Why this is so we do not certainly know, but have much reason to believe that it results from opposing spirit influences which do all they can to create doubt and uncertainty. It is not at all likely that Ovid, banished under Augustus, should have lived to be 98 years old, and remained in exile 40 years. The date given in the communication is undoubtedly incorrect. The rest of it is so consistent with the highest probability as to leave hardly any room to doubt its genuineness. Who can longer question that the cause of Ovid's banishment was his knowledge of the incestuous conduct of Augustus? Thus we have another spirit returning and clearing up a historical mystery. Could any testimony in behalf of virtue be more impressive than this communication from the distinguished and learned Roman poet? We think not.—Ed.]

AMMONIUS THE PERIPATETIC.  
(An Alexandrian Philosopher.)

I SALUTE YOU, SIR:—There is no religion that ever existed, as far as I have been able to learn, either as a mortal or a spirit, but what had some symbolic personage that was recognized as the head of that religion. In my day, sir, in Alexandria, all religions were represented by symbols, and most of these symbols were represented on

plates or pottery, and some on copper, and these were used as are your blackboards in your schools of learning. The pupils, however, were not taught the true meaning of those symbols, but only received the construction put upon them by the master. Now each teacher in these different schools set himself up as the best expounder of the ancient religions, and each one of them leaned towards some favorite Greek, Latin, or Phoenician author. Their ideas of the teaching of those authors were so mixed, that their purity was lost. The masters thought of only one thing—self-exaltation. They combated each other fiercely, and as the pupils followed their masters, so contests were frequent among them, somewhat like the contentions between the students of modern universities. From the plates, of which I have spoken, I am convinced fully that the whole story or history of Jesus of Nazareth, is nothing more than the re-deification of some of the older gods, such as Chrishna, Prometheus and Apolloinus of Tyana. In fact any person who thoroughly understands the art of sculpture, will find that the resemblance between the carved features of Jesus and those of Chrishna, are almost identical; and it is this resemblance that makes the Christian missionaries and priests so ardent in their desire, to destroy all idols, as they term these sculptures. There is another point I want to impress upon you people, and it ought to be anxiously watched by you, and that is that you should make sure that those persons who are making excavations for the unearthing of antique relics, should be free from all Christian prejudice, for the reason that those relics if preserved, will throw light on the superstition called Christianity. I will add that at the time I lived in the mortal form toward the close of the first century, neither our teachers in Alexandria, nor in any part of the then civilized world, knew aught of the Christian Saviour. There is one thing further that I wish to say, and that is, that I think it is the uttermost foolishness for spiritual lecturers and mediums, now living in the mortal form, to say that Jesus was a great medium; when in fact his whole history was started by Potamon, myself, Ammonius Saccas, Plotinus and others of that school. It is a combination of the Eclecticism that was put in shape about A. D. 250, and worked up as a new idea and a new collection of moral precepts, when in fact it is nothing but a combination of Indian, Phoenician and Grecian moral precepts. My name when here was Ammonius the Peripatetic.

[The only biographical references we can find to Ammonius the Peripatetic are the following brief ones.—Smith's Greek and Roman Biographical Dictionary says: "Ammonius the Peripatetic, who wrote only a few poems and declamations. He was a different person from Ammonius the teacher of Plotinus. (Longinus ap. Porphy. in Plotin. vit.) And Thomas's Dictionary of Biography etc., says: "Ammonius, a Peripatetic philosopher, who taught at Athens or Delphi, in the latter half of the first century. He was the prosector of Plutarch, and endeavored to reconcile the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle. Plutarch wrote a life of him which is not extant." And why we ask, is not that life of Ammonius the Peripatetic extant. Let the Christian priesthood answer, especially those who are possessed of the secrets of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy. It will be observed that Longinus, a Neo-Platonist Eclectic, refers to Ammonius in connection with Porphyry and Plotinus, the great lights of Neo-Platonism, which shows very plainly that he preceded even Ammonius Saccas, in reviving the Eclectic philosophy of Potamon, the latter not having been similarly engaged until about the beginning of the second century. It will be observed that he speaks of himself as succeeding Potamon, and as preceding Ammonius Saccas, Plotinus and others, in continuing the Eclectic School of Philosophy. Such being the spirit who communicated, who can over estimate the importance of that testimony to the utter falsity of the Christian religion? We regret that time and space will not admit of a more detailed criticism of this undoubtedly genuine communication.—Ed.]

ANASTASIUS,

(Librarian of the Vatican Library.)

GOOD DAY, SIR:—In my mortal life I was a Catholic—a Roman abbot, and librarian in the Vatican between the eighth and ninth centuries; and I come here to endorse what the last spirit said, for I know that the various meetings or councils of bishops had for their object the suppression of all books that were in any way damaging to the Christian religion. Although they did everything they could do to destroy all accounts of deified men, called gods or saviours, yet enough is written, upon the temples of antiquity, to enlighten any inquiring mind as to the fact, that the Christian religion was the outgrowth of the teachings of the schools of Alexandria from A. D. 50 to A. D. 200, and that this fact can neither be doubted nor questioned by any honest unprejudiced man. Two books similar to those attributed to Matthew and John were taken bodily from a Greek author, commenting on or writing about Prometheus and the teachings of the followers of that God after his supposed death; and this Greek book was well known and extensively read at Alexandria, and a few copies of it were yet extant in my day, but whether they are yet so, I cannot tell; for each pope who came after my time did what he could to interpolate or destroy such ancient works. There are priests around me here to-day who gnash their teeth and howl as spirits to see me certifying to the truth; but as an honest spirit, I cannot stand back and endorse that religion that I know to be utterly and entirely false. There is no evidence—there was none in my day—not a scrap of authentic writing, to show that such a man or god as Jesus Christ ever existed; but there was this kind of evidence, and plenty of it, to show that the real Jesus of Nazareth was Apollonius of Tyana, the Cappadocian Saviour; and those priests who worshipped openly Jesus of Nazareth, were constantly engaged in collecting the sacred relics of this Apollonius. All the portraits, pictures or statues of Jesus of Nazareth are but the copies of basso-relievo of Apollonius; and when you open your modern Bibles and see the pictures of your Jesus, you are looking upon the face of Apollonius of Tyana. No pope nor Catholic king, no noble nor scholar, that is well informed, can truthfully deny what I here assert. The time has come when the world is ripe for the truth. The time is approaching when popes, emperors and kings must go down before the universal rights of humanity. Each man and woman must become their own priest, with none to go between them and the only true religion—simple and truthful spirit communion. This communication will live, and will sound the bell of liberty

long after you and the medium have been transferred to spirit life. My name was Anastasius—surnamed Bibliothecarius—so-called on account of my biblical knowledge, which is not of much account now.

[The only account we can find of Anastasius is in McClintock and Strong's Ecclesiastical Cyclopaedia.—Ed.]

"Anastasius (Bibliothecarius), librarian of the Vatican, and abbot of St. Maria Trans-Tiberim at Rome, a celebrated and learned writer of the 9th century. The dates of his birth and death are unknown. He was on terms of intimacy with the learned men of his age, especially with Photius and Hineman. He was present in 863 at the eighth council of Constantinople, where Photius was condemned. He translated the Acts of the Council from Greek into Latin. He wrote a Historia Ecclesiastica; but the most important of his writing is a History of the Popes."

[It was beyond all question the spirit of this learned Catholic author and librarian of the Vatican, that gave that communication. Taken in connection with the preceding communication from Ammonius the Peripatetic, there can be no possible doubt that all that has been said by both spirits is strictly true. How long can the Christian superstition endure the blazing light of such testimony!—Ed.]

JOHN BUXTORF (A Swiss Professor of the Hebrew and Chaldaic Languages at Basle).

GOOD MORNING, MISTER:—I was a professor of the Hebrew and Chaldaic languages at Basle, Switzerland. No man can be acquainted with those languages without being at once convinced of the rottenness of the foundation of Christianity for the messianic idea runs through the religions of all nations. It has always been man's desire to throw the consequences of their sins upon some one else. There is nothing really in the idea; but I did not dare to antagonize the Christians when I lived in mortal form. They were all-powerful, and as I wanted to keep my position, I could only do it by my silence, but I was thinking about it all the time. These priests may govern your body, but they cannot your mind. Now, in all those books that I saw, read or studied I could find not a particle of positive evidence of the existence of such a man as Jesus of Nazareth. But I did find evidence of this saving idea in the books of all nations, and the older the manuscripts the more they contained in relation to this idea. They threw more light upon this subject because they had not been interfered with by the priests, and if you could only find the original inculcation of this idea, you would find the whole truth concerning the Christian Saviour. Many learned Jews loaned me their books and I studied them thoroughly, but none of these mentioned him as a man—much less as a god. In fact, at the time in Jewish history when it is claimed he figured—they knew nothing of him. As a spirit I really know that there is no place in spirit life, as far as I have been over the journey there, where any one exists, who will tell the truth, that he or she knows anything about this Jesus. I lived and died at Basle, Switzerland, in 1664, and my name is John Buxtorf, Jr. My father occupied the same position I did.

[We take the following concerning Buxtorf from McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia of Ecclesiastical Literature.—Ed.]

"John Buxtorf, Jr., son of John Buxtorf, who, in 1590, became Hebrew professor at Basle and filled the chair of Hebrew literature until his death, Sept. 13, 1620. He was the first Protestant rabbinical scholar, and his contributions to Hebrew literature were of vast importance. His son was like his father, an eminent Hebraist; was born Aug. 13, 1599. Taught by his father, he made great proficiency in youth. In 1630 he was made Hebrew professor at Basle; 1647, professor of controversial theology; and 1654, of Old Testament literature. He is best known for his defense of his father's notions on the antiquity of the vowel points in Hebrew. On this subject he had a bitter controversy with Capellus. He died August 16, 1664."

[Here again we have undoubted spirit testimony that nowhere in Hebrew literature was there any reference to Jesus of Nazareth, either as a man or god. What is the use of any person claiming to be a Spiritualist, pretending that any such grand medium, as they claim Jesus Christ to have been, ever had an existence? Friends it is all bosh.—Ed.]

REV. JOHN P. HEALEY,  
(Catholic Priest of Scranton, Pa.)

GOOD MORNING, SIR:—You have received all kinds of evidence here and why should I not testify here too. I was a young priest, only about 30 years of age, I passed to spirit life the latter end of last year, from St. Vincent's, Scranton, Penna. As a spirit I neither know whether the Catholic religion is a lie or truth. I have not been able to find out, because I find millions of spirits, all waiting patiently for the day of judgment. I cannot, as a spirit, pretend to set myself up over the authority of all the popes, archbishops, bishops and priests; but one thing I am convinced of and that is that delays are dangerous. If there are spirits over here who have been from 1600 to 1800 years in spirit life and who have not yet found the judgment day nor Jesus, reasoning from the effect to cause, I conclude that the cause is a very bad one, and therefore I will have none of it. I have come to believe that there is more liberty—a nearer approach to intelligence outside of a Catholic heaven than there is in it, and therefore I mean to join the Liberalists. I want no narrow pent up space—no contracted ideas. My spirit pants for freedom; and the reason I am here, today, is because this is one step, and a most important one to liberty. My name was James P. Healey.

Mind and Matter Free List Fund.

This fund was started by the request of many of our subscribers, that many deserving poor people who were not able to pay for MIND AND MATTER, might have the paper sent to them free of cost. The following contributions have been made since our last report:

Amount previously acknowledged,	\$ 71 24
Mrs. E. S. Sleeper, San Francisco,	3 74
W. A. Mosley, S. New Lymne, Ohio,	1 00
B. Chadsey, Rushville, Illinois	1 00
J. B. Campbell, M. D. V. D.	5 00
J. M. C.	1 00
J. W.	2 00
C. G.	1 00
Mrs. T. B. Hall, Charlestown, Mass	1 00



## SPIRITUALISM ON THE MARCH IN PHILADELPHIA.

At no time since the spirit world accomplished the crowning manifestation of the truth of Spiritualism in the phenomenon of spirit materialization, has there been a more general interest taken in that cause, in the city of Philadelphia, than at the present time. During the past winter, Mrs. Jas. A. Bliss, with the fidelity and heroic perseverance, that has especially distinguished her career as a medium, and places her in the front ranks of the heroic women of the world, continued to give her grand and successful seances, the manifestations of spirit, increasing with surprising rapidity, and creating wide spread interest. As if to reinforce the spirit power that was seeking to centre in the city of Philadelphia, the cradle as it were of American freedom, they sent here from the far off shores of the Pacific, that grand medial instrument of spirit power and intelligence Mrs. Elsie Crindle, as noble and true a woman as ever had to endure the enmity and opposition of discomfited villainy. Unheralded and unknown, she came to Philadelphia. But a few days sufficed to win for her the respect, confidence, and sympathy of a large circle of friends, who during her stay of several weeks amongst us, availed themselves of the opportunity to create a desire outside of the spiritual ranks, for investigation and conviction of the truths of the spirit life. Hundreds who were in doubt, or opposed to Spiritualism, were completely convinced of its importance as well as its truth. Having to return to San Francisco, Mrs. Crindle left us with general regret at the necessity that called her to her home.

Mrs. Bliss, whose services to the cause were equally effective with those of Mrs. Crindle, was about the same time urged to change the field of her labors, and was called to Ohio and Missouri, to give to the people of those great and rapidly growing states, the opportunity to know with certainty that "Though a man die he shall live again." Everywhere she went she was welcomed by kind and sympathetic friends, and her seances were given to the delight and entire satisfaction of all who attended them. Hundreds of the most sceptical persons were convinced of the truth, never again to doubt.

Two weeks ago, Mrs. Crindle again returned to Philadelphia, and at once resumed her seances, which she has given with the grandest success. She is accompanied by her son, Mr. Henry Crindle, just entering upon manhood, who, for independent slate-writing, the production of flowers in the light, and many other manifestations of physical phenomena, is unsurpassed. We wish it were possible to even outline the absolute tests that are given to those who visit them by their spirit friends, but this is impossible—it would require a page of our paper to do justice to the events that transpire at a single seance, or private sitting. Everything takes place under circumstances such as to disarm all distrust or suspicion of bad faith.

Mrs. Crindle and her son will continue until further notice to make their home and give their seances at 1128 Vine street, where all who desire can see them and arrange for private sittings or circles, for such times as are not devoted to public circles. They will give public circles at that place on Friday and Sunday evening, May 26 and 28, at 8 o'clock sharp. Admission \$1. Mrs. Crindle will give private materializing seances to small parties, by special arrangement, in the afternoon of each day for \$5 each. Go and see for yourselves, and know the truth that can alone be found in Modern Spiritualism.

Dr. H. C. Gordon has resumed his seances at 691 North Thirteenth street with increased power and success.

With these grand medial instruments in the field at this time in this city, the work goes bravely on, despite the repressive opposition of the Bundyite enemies of mediums.

The labors of Mr. J. W. Fletcher here at this time, although hampered by the Bundyite influences that surround him, is also having wonderful results. Crowded audiences attend his lectures, and are delighted and instructed by the able addresses delivered through him. We do not wonder, after having heard most of his lectures in this city, that he aroused such a marked interest among the most intelligent, educated and advanced people of the great city of London. No such teaching can be found from any pulpit or professor's chair as pours in a flood of eloquence from the lips of this young man. Heaven bless him and his heroic wife. May they long be spared to serve their angel guides and confound the little, jealous and hostile crew that have sought to dim the lustre of their labors. We have had the lecture on Jesus of Nazareth stenographically reported, and will publish it as soon as we can find room for it.

## REPLY TO J. J. MORSE.

We are sorry to see, by a letter published in the *Banner of Light* of last week, that the English medium, Mr. J. J. Morse, should display such a misapprehension of the facts in the persecution of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, as is shown by the following paragraph. He says:

"The merits of the case are in a nut-shell. Did Mrs. Davies's mother communicate through the mediumship of either Mr. or Mrs. Fletcher? If so, and that spirit chose to advise her daughter, as it is averred she did, why does that daughter accuse Mrs. Fletcher of fraud? If not, then Mrs. Davies's ecstatic (hysteric?) gush about finding her mother is rubbish, and she a soft-hearted en-

thusiast. In the first case, Mrs. Fletcher's condemnation clearly implies that the genuineness of mediumship is no bar to a conviction. But in this connection there is a point or two of interest to Spiritualists and mediums that ought to be considered. Admitting that the spirit of Mrs. Davies's mother did communicate, and did advise, as is alleged, ought mediums to accept such valuable considerations upon advice given through their own mediumship? And under such circumstances, is it not questionable wisdom on the part of Spiritualists, or investigators, to act upon advice of the kind?"

In this hypothetical statement of the facts of the case, Mr. Morse claims that the truth of Mrs. Davies's is an admissible conclusion, notwithstanding the positive statements of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher fully sustained by all collateral facts, that Mrs. Davies was not influenced to deed them the late property of the mother, because of that mother's advice, but solely to prevent it from falling into the hands of the husband she deserted. This was the reason, and the only reason, given to the counsel, Mr. Morton, who drew up the deed of gift, for her desire to make that deed. Nothing whatever was said about her being influenced in the matter, by the spirit of her mother; and nothing whatever was shown to have been said through either Mr. or Mrs. Fletcher, about giving them the property in question. Indeed, in the communications produced by the government at the trial of Mrs. F., there was not a word that could by the most forced construction be construed into such advice or request, as Mrs. Davies swore had been given her by her mother's spirit, through either of her medium friends and benefactors. There was nothing whatever adduced in proof of such advice having been given, except the unsupported and self-evidently perjured evidence of that poor, miserable tool of the enemies of Spiritualism, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher claimed no lien even on the transferred property, until forced to do so for their own protection and vindication, under the advice of their counsel. This one fact is of itself sufficient to show that Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher had not accepted the goods in question as a gift, but only as an act of kindness and service to Mrs. Davies, who, under the psychological power of that scoundrelly fraud and adventurer, Jim McGeary, alias Dr. Mack, was influenced to sting to death the only two friends she could find in the whole city of London to shield and shelter her. We therefore think that Mr. Morse should not have joined those, in this indirect manner, who are seeking to place Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher before the public in a false light. All the facts show, and this we hold ourselves bound to maintain against all who may choose to take up the gauntlet we have thrown down, that Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher were neither guilty of crime nor indiscipline in their transactions with Mrs. Davies. They had no reason to believe that Mrs. D. was the worthless, vindictive, treacherous and faithless woman, that her treatment of them now shows her to be. More guarded and naturally suspicious persons than Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, and those infinitely less ingenuous and benevolent than they, would have been misled and deceived by this base and designing woman.

We wish Mr. Morse had been more specific than he has been in the following paragraph. He says:

"But the inner side of the late trial has yet to be made public; and how much of jealousy, potty malice and ill-advised action this will discover, is not for my pen to predict. Our English spiritual journals have acted variously; the *Medium* keeping strict silence all the time; the *Herald of Progress* printing an article that reflected a moderate knowledge of the case, and not too great a grasp of spiritual experiences; the *Spiritualist* bitterly hostile all through, missing no opportunity of adversely criticising the Fletchers, while its admiration of Mrs. Davies would have been amusing, had it not suggested other emotions. [Why not have said right out *sickening disgust*?—Ed.] *Light* has been the one journal that has befriended the stranger in our midst, and through its pages Dr. F. L. Nichols, has represented to the world much well-timed and able testimony in Mrs. Fletcher's favor."

Thank God, there is one, the' only one faithful Spiritual journal in Great Britain. What Spiritualists everywhere need and desire is, the history of "the inner side of the late trial." Mr. Morse, let them have that "inner side." If it can be given through no other channel we cheerfully place our columns at your service for that purpose. If you cannot give it yourself get some one who can do it. Dr. Nichols appears to be the very man to do that work, but unfortunately we have not the pleasure of his acquaintance. We will gladly print anything he may send us to that end. Please counsel with him about it. We want to know all that underlies this monstrous attempt to crush Spiritualism in England. It must be done, or Spiritualism is dead in that land.

Tests Given by J. W. Fletcher at First Association Hall, Philadelphia, Sunday, May 22.

At the request of Mr. Fletcher a hymn was sung by the audience.

While you were singing I saw a different company from this. They were dressed in different costume. They held my attention for a moment, and then I saw one pass to the spirit world. I have seen him, I think, at a meeting of what you call the Society of Friends, it may be, yes, I am sure it was some such meeting as that. I look again and he comes nearer to me—and I hear the name of Samuel Bettle—it sounds to me like that. He seems to be a man who is very anxious to impress, upon all who are here, his very great happiness in returning and bringing back again a confirmation of the theories and the principles which he advocated in the City of Brotherly Love—the fatherhood and the motherhood of God, and the

close relationship which all men and all women sustain to each other. He impresses me to say only this, that the time will come when all those who mingle together for spiritual advancement will leave every thought outside, and will be compelled to forget the world as they seek higher spiritual growth. This is his message to any and all of you who may feel an interest in the results of his life in the spirit world. The name is Samuel Bettle.

The spirit was recognized by two of the audience, one of whom stated that Samuel Bettle was a merchant and an orthodox preacher, residing in this city.

He seemed to wish to impress this particularly upon my mind: "You cannot mix two things together," as if there were two different things blended in his life. "It is utterly impossible," he said, "there must be only one." I heard it said, "Ye cannot serve two masters at the same time." This may or may not have a meaning to you. It comes to me and I give it to you.

A gentleman comes before me—now I see him—there are so many birds around him. They seem to be doves, pigeons, pets. Now I see him again. He is dressed in uniform now. Again he changes and I see him. But it is just as if something came all over him in some way and rendered him almost helpless. I feel as if I was paralyzed through and through, and I only hear this, Willie, Willie, Willie, is here, and sometime soon, very soon, he wants to have you together and to speak to you in regard to some things that have troubled you both so much since he came away. He brings another spirit on this side, a bright, beautiful face, she comes from the same sphere with him, of the same household, and she is also present. Her name I don't see. I only see his name. These characteristics I have given to you and they are as strongly marked as any I can name to you.

There is a man comes here, and he is calling; and he brings with him the spirit of one who has just come to spirit life a short time ago: it may be a week ago—I can't say how long; but very recently they have come to spirit life. He comes and keeps saying to me, "Tell Lucy that I am here." His name is Henry Porter. He comes to speak about somebody who has just come away, and some change that is likely to come in connection with that individual. I see a step for myself pushed forward. A curtain drops down before it and I cannot take the step. There is some step which is indicated by this spirit—which one he loves very tenderly fears it will come to them to take. Fear not. Those who loved you on earth, love you still in spirit, and they are holding your happiness within their keeping. The change you feared to make will not be necessary. I am with you, watching you, loving you, the same as before; and am seeking to smooth out the pathway and make all things plain. The spirit was recognized.

There is a gentleman comes here, and he takes me into a large place: I can see a railroad before me, and he seems to be in a very large place; many people come in. He holds up a little piece of paper it is not like a card exactly; he does not speak to me at first. I can see stretching, as if that is the last name. I look again and A comes before it. I can't read the name. It begins with T, now. I didn't hear the other name. That name comes out before me, and I see February 15th written out after it, as if that was to indicate that they had some special meaning to him; this February 15th means a year ago, I should say. This spirit comes here, and I am in a perfect mist of confusion. I can see so much work to be done and so much depending upon him. And as he comes nearer to me, he says to me he has a message for some one who is present. I am interested in your affairs because I understand you, and I shall assist you in the accomplishment of certain things which are just before you now. I know the ins and the outs of the whole matter and shall be able to add my influence to it in a very short time. He has something to do with a railroad or something like that, because I see that comes up before me.

Somebody comes in, who is blind. A lady who is blind. She tells me to say she comes to her daughter Mary. She wants to speak to her. What is it? It is a curious name. It is like Ketchem. She comes to her daughter Mary and she is blind. She was blind when she went away. She comes with a message to her daughter. In the effort to make her know of her presence, she seems to be affected, and in much the same way she wants to come and warn her against the fatal result that came to her. [We recognize that spirit.—Ed.]

There is a man who says his name is McConnel. He comes to send a message to his wife Louisa and to his daughter Anna, concerning certain changes to that are to take place, especially to his wife, over whom he watches so earnestly at the present time.

There is a man who says his name is Bingham. He seems to know everybody here. He walks all around the place. He is tall and dark complexioned. And the more I look the more spirits I can see.

Now there is a beautiful spirit comes here, and she wishes to send a message to those who are here. She says: "My name is Fanny Lanning; and I came away just when the summer time of my life was opening before me—when every arrangement had been made for my marriage; and it was thought my life would be so happy and so complete. But I stayed not here for the happiness and the marriage of earth, and I have passed to the happier condition of spirit life. I am watching over those I love here, because their sorrows and their ills for me are ever calling me back again into their life." She does not seem to belong to anybody here. There is something she wishes to get to her people. Her name is Fanny Lanning. Recognized.

There are many others who are before me, but the hour is getting very late. Upon next Sunday evening we shall devote a longer time, if possible, to these descriptions.

MIND AND MATTER can be obtained every Friday morning and during the week, at 804 Spring Garden street, near the hall of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, at 505 North Eighth street.

READ our advertisement on the seventh page, where we offer Joseph Johns' Works of Art at the low rate of fifty cents each picture. You cannot find a more appropriate gift for a friend than these beautiful pictures and a copy of MIND AND MATTER for one year.

## EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

G. F. RUMMILL, secretary of the Spiritual Society of Manchester, New Hampshire, informs us that the Spiritualists of that State, will hold a convention at that place, on June 11th and 12th, of which we shall give further notice in our next.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.—Mr. F. Granger has been giving some very interesting phenomena, in the way of materialization and independent slate writing, the past three weeks at Dr. Rhodes Hall, 505 North Eighth Street. He will continue them all this week. Admission 25 cents.

We would call the attention of our readers to the appeal for assistance made by our neighbor, Mr. James A. Bliss, in order to get out his large edition of *Advance and Review*, that has been refused admission to the mails at pound rates. Mr. Bliss is in dead earnest and should be sustained.

Our esteemed contemporary of the Pacific coast, *Light for All*, has just celebrated its first anniversary, or, as its editor facetiously calls it, its arrival at the mature age of one year, by a reception in the parlors of Dr. MacLennan's residence, San Francisco, Cal. May it live to see a hundred such returns, or more or less, until all the world shall see the light.

We shall publish in our next weeks issue, a most important communication, purporting to come from the spirit of Ulphilas, bishop of the Goths, who lived in the fourth century; with special information regarding him and his work as a Christian prelate. On the following week we shall publish a communication just received, purporting to be from the spirit of Apollonius of Tyana, beyond all question or doubt, the original Jesus of Nazareth and St. Paul of the Christian scriptures.

Moody, the great evangelical reformer, says Spiritualists are "all free-lovers." Bro. Moody's opinion on this subject is worthy of consideration, as, never, having investigated it, he must know all about it, and we are, perchance, drawn to the conclusion that the heterodox orthodoxy preached by him is as true as his statement. We are afraid that Bro. Moody has such a high reverence for the truth that he never discredits his lips with it. We would advise Bro. M. to go to—his grandmother.—*Light for All*.

MRS. ROBINSON AT NORRISTOWN.—On Sunday last, Mrs. Katie B. Robinson of your city, gave us two lectures, with which all who heard her were very much pleased, and the general desire expressed, is that she return at an early day, and give us more information in regard to our beautiful philosophy. No reporters were invited, but the daily papers give reports which are favorable, but not in all respects correct. The *Daily Register* and *Daily Herald* both notice the lecture, the latter I mail to you.

S. R. GATWALES.

RELIEF FOR THE PRISONER.—We would request all of our friends who have in their hands petitions for the release of Mrs. Susie Willis Fletcher to send them in, with such names as they may have procured, that we may forward them without delay. We have received hundreds of signatures already, but nothing like as many as there should be; but let us have them as soon as possible, that we may see how many true friends she has, and do our part toward making their friendship felt as a power toward her release, by speeding the documents on their way.

LAST Monday evening the Spiritualists of this city assembled at the residence of Henry Wiley, Esq., No. 1128 Vine street, to tender Mrs. James A. Bliss a reception and benefit materializing seance. The parlors were filled with smiling faces of the friends of that lady, and after a few words of welcome she went into the cabinet. The manifestations were very fine (considering the large number of persons in the seance) and continued until after eleven o'clock. Mrs. Bliss has secured a large house on Eighth street near Locust, and expects soon to be settled, so that she can resume her seances. We predict for her seances in the future great success, judging from the many inquiries that are now being made in regard to them. Due notice of Mrs. Bliss' seances will be given in future numbers of this paper, or parties inquiring of Mr. James A. Bliss, No. 713 Sansom street, can receive any information they desire.

THE COMMUNICATIONS FROM ANCIENT SPIRITS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF ALFRED JAMES.—A desire having been expressed by several of our correspondents to have the communications purporting to come from ancient spirits, bearing upon the subject of the origin and truth of the Christian religion—as published from time to time in MIND AND MATTER—in a consecutive shape for convenient reference, we would state that it has been our fixed intention to collect these communications and arrange them in book form, together with our own comments thereon, and such confirmative or corroborative information, as we may obtain in the course of our researches in the same direction. This will probably make a volume of some 400 to 450 pages, and will therefore be an undertaking, involving much labor and considerable risk, and it would encourage us in the work, if those of our friends who have any desire to possess the work when completed, would notify us of such desire—that we may judge about how far we may expect to be sustained in our efforts to arrive at the truth in regard to a subject of so much importance to humanity.

**Fall Confirmation of a Message Through Mrs. Marion L. Howard of Philadelphia, Pa.**

*Editor of Mind and Matter:*

In your paper of February 28, 1880, among the messages, the following appeared:

"'White Flower,' the Indian girl guide, said: 'A little girl comes—wants to bring a message—comes from Fanny Conant.'

"The control changed.

"**EMMA CRANE.**

"Can you write a letter to my mamma? My throat is sore yet. But it is past and gone now. Say to my mamma her little Emma comes to send a little word of comfort to her. She don't know Emma can come to her. She is a good woman and belongs to the church, but I don't think she believes it though, that spirits can get back to earth; but I want to tell her I often go to her in our own dear home. I hear her sigh and see the tears roll down her cheeks for her little lost daughter. Dear mama, I am not lost; I come close, close to you. Don't grieve and sigh; it hurts me. I want to see you laugh and look up; for, oh, I am so happy. Don't wish me back, mama. You could not, could you see my happy home. Believe me, I can and do come to you and father too. I can't say all I want to, mama. I will try to come again." **EMMA CRANE.**

"To Mrs. Rebecca Crane, Franklin Post Office, Bradford County, Pa."

On the 3d instant, being in the above named place, which is in the heart of the Towanda valley, I inquired of an old friend and Doubting Thomas, if any family bearing the name of Crane lived in that vicinity. "Yes; one Harrison Crane lives back on the hills about two miles away," was the reply. "What is his wife's name?" I asked. "Rebecca," was the significant answer.

The day was a beautiful, and the green fields of wheat glowed in the pleasant sunlight on the hill sides like emeralds in a diadem—making a ramble across the fields and along unfrequented roads especially inviting, if for no other reason than to catch the fresh breeze, hear the songs of the birds, and view the picturesque landscape which only a few years ago had been shorn of a dense forest of tall and valuable pines.

The mother's name having been verified, I started off for the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Crane, with bright hopes that the rest of the message might also prove true. I will say—to allay the cavillings of my sceptical friends—that though I was born and lived until 1857 in the adjoining town of Le Roy, and from that time until 1872 in Towanda, the county seat, I never in all that time heard of this family until I read the above message in your paper at the time of its publication, while I was in Rochester, N. Y.

On arriving at the home of the Cranes, I found a pleasant farmhouse, surrounded with a variety of fruit trees, and over looking such a pleasant country, that for some time, I was reluctant about rapping for admittance. On entering and making my errand known, I learned from Mrs. Crane, that her name was Rebecca, and that a little girl at the age of thirteen months had been adopted by her and was known as Emma Crane; that she hardly knew any mother but her, and that she passed from earth with that formidable disease diphteria in July 1877, at the susceptible age of thirteen years after an illness of five days. With tender and intelligent emotion, the mother directed my attention to a large photograph on the wall, of the loved and loving Emma, who, one could at a glance see, was a very precocious and large brained child. She had a wide and high forehead, a wealth of flowing hair, full lips, and expressive eyes, and might easily be mistaken for a young lady of eighteen or twenty. She learned easily and rapidly, not only books but all the work appertaining to a farmer's house. I have seldom seen in any of the art galleries of the cities, a more fascinating and intelligent looking face than hers. It exhibited great tenderness, perseverance, love, and magnetic strength; qualities essentially necessary to enable spirits to return and make themselves known as distinctly and correctly as she did.

A short time after her sickness commenced, she told her mother that she could not get well, that she "must not cry," and that it was "all right." Mrs. Crane belongs to the church, and does not believe in Spiritualism, as the daughter so truthfully states. Indeed the whole communication is remarkably correct, and caused great surprise to the family and friends, (who know nothing of Spiritualism) when they received a copy of the paper containing it, from some unknown source at the time of its publication. You no doubt sent it as is your custom in such cases. The paper had been passed from hand to hand and commented upon among the neighbors, until it was quite worn out, and all manner of conclusions had been arrived at, as to the origin of the message, except the right one, which is, that it came from the spirit, or intelligence of the beautiful and ardent Emma Crane, who wished to let her parents know that she was "not lost" and could "come close, close to them." How intensely and lovingly she entreats her dear mother to listen to her when she says, "Believe me, I can and do come to you, and father too." What earnest effort and long years of patient waiting many great souls in the other life endure before they can even get a notice from their friends here, who are often bound down with cruel creeds, and the inherited prejudices of long ages of custom! If these friends would open the door of investigation and let the sunlight of reason shine in, they would not only add greatly to their own happiness and intelligence, but to the pleasure of their departed friends, for whom they sigh and mourn as lost.

Mr. and Mrs. Crane, who treated me with the utmost courtesy and kindness, and who seemed to desire to learn all the facts, had been so much interested in the truthfulness of the message that they had written to some friends in Philadelphia, who were cognizant of Emma's death, to know of them, if they knew you, or had communicated anything to any one whereby it could by any means have got into your paper. They received an answer back that they did not know you or any one connected with your paper, and had not communicated anything that could by any possibility whatever have reached your ears or the mediums, and neither were they Spiritualists.

Here they let the subject rest. But I hope they will now take the question up and investigate it fully and carefully. If they will do so they will never regret it. Before commencing I beg of them, and all other investigators, to use all the reason they can command and cast aside all fear and superstition about, what is called death, and which the religious customs of the past have looked upon with such foolish and sorrowful awe and heart-rending anguish.

Spiritualism is a fact and not a religion. It should be investigated as you investigate any other natural law. There is nothing supernatural about it. It came to lift the nations out of the darkness and mysticism about death. Treat all spirits with the same candor and intelligence you would a person in the body, and don't expect them to come at your command, if you do, you will be disappointed.

All things in this world worth having are gained through natural laws and conditions, and intelligent and useful communications with our friends, in the future life are gained in the same way.

Watkins, N. Y.

JAY CHAPEL.

If a Robin Die Shall It Live Again?

BOSTON, Mass., May 16, 1881.

*Editor Mind and Matter:*

Most people who have investigated the spiritual philosophy have had convincing evidence, and many have had tangible proof of the continued existence of man, and have, to their minds, conclusively settled the question—"If a man die, shall he live again?" Another question of less importance, but still, one of interest arises—namely, What of the continuation of the lower grades of life?

Enclosed I present you with a photograph of "Westeka and her pet robin," taken from a spirit painting by J. B. Fayette, spirit artist, Oswego, N. Y. Westeka is a very bright spirit—an Indian girl. The robin perched on her hand was a pet of hers in earth life—it died and soon after Westeka passed to the other life—found her pet robin there, and has taught it to be materialized and sing. At a materializing seance, Sunday evening, August 4th, 1872, at Oswego, N. Y. (Mrs. C. M. Morrison, medium,) amongst other manifestations, and according to promise, Westeka brought her robin, and its chirping and singing was distinctly heard to the delight of all present.

At this seance the spirits themselves, imposed the "test conditions," (Mrs. Morrison's seances were not public—no admittance fee, but were held for the benefit of a few invited friends) and the conditions were as follows: As soon as the medium entered the cabinet, the spirits bound her feet and hands securely, then said that she must be gagged. A spool of thread was placed in her mouth, and firmly secured by a ribbon running through the spool and tied back of the head. At the close of the seance the medium was found bound hand and foot, and the knots so tightly drawn that no one present could untie them; and not only was the spool tied in her mouth, but in addition to this, the spirits had literally packed her mouth full, by pushing a white handkerchief under and below the spool, thus making test conditions the most sceptical could not gainsay.

Since 1873 the spirits have used Mrs. Morrison's mediumship entirely for giving diagnoses and treating diseases, but every now and then Westeka, independent of any sitting for it, lets us know she's around with her pet robin, and favors us with its song.

A year or so after Mr. Fayette painted the picture of Westeka and her robin, he visited the Eddy mediums, who were then giving materializing seances at their home—Chittenden, Vt.—and Westeka there also materialized, and her robin chirped and sang. On Mr. Fayette's return home he sent the original painting to the Eddy's.

I believe Nature has provided for the continuance of all life, and that spirits who have a knowledge of spirit chemistry can clothe with material substance, spirit of the lower grades of life, as well as the higher—and when thus clothed, or formulated, they become cognizable; thereby giving us tangible evidence of that continuity and identity.

Yours fraternally, H. B. WILLCOX.

Special Notice from "Bliss' Chief's" Band.

ME, Red Cloud, speak for Blackfoot, the great Medicine

Chief from happy hunting-grounds. He say he love

white chiefs and squaws. He travel like the wind. He go

to circles. Him big chief. Blackfoot want much work to

do. Him want to show him healing power. Make sick

people well. Where paper go, Blackfoot go. Go quick

Send right away.

All persons sick in body or mind that desire to

be healed, also those that desire to be developed

as spiritual mediums, will be furnished with

Blackfoot's Manetized Paper for 10 cents per

sheet, 12 sheets \$1.00, or 1 sheet each week for

one month for 40 cents, two months for 70 cents,

three months, \$1.00. Address James A. Bliss, 713 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa. (Communications by mail, \$1.00 and three 3-cent stamps.)

List of cures operated through and by Red Cloud

and Blackfoot's Manetized Paper, James A. Bliss, Medium: Asthma—Woman 67 years cured, time of sickness 3 years; man 60 years great deal bene-

fited, 2 years sick. Paralysis—Woman 24 years, cured, time of sickness 1 year. Stiffness in knee joints—Girl 8 years, under treatment, benefited a

great deal, stiffness 6 years. Falling of womb—

Two women, 48 and 23 years, cured where

M. D.'s pronounced incurable. Pains in Back—

Man and woman, both cured, 23 and 24 years.

Inflammation of kidneys with complications—Man

58 years, most cured, where M. D.'s pronounced

incurable. Fits—Child 3 years, all right. Heart

disease—Woman 26 years (my sister-in-law) as

said M. D.'s; she has had the heart disease and

could not live two weeks; very little medicine

taken, only tincture of digitalis; she is a trance

medium and is always resisting her spiritual

guide; my belief is that it was a correction from

her guides; great deal better and up for two

weeks, time required per M. D.'s for her death.

Spirit control—Woman 64 years (my aunt), very

well. Pain in thigh—Man 27 years, all right.

Running up and down pain in abdomen—Woman

25 years, with a paper on now and feels a great

deal better.

STATE OF LOUISIANA,

PARISH OF POINTE COUPEE.

I hereby certify that the within list of cures of different sicknesses were done per the Red Cloud and Blackfoot magnetized paper.

Witness my official signature this 9th day of

April, A. D. 1881. Jos. F. TOUZOIR,

SEAL. N. P.

P. W. McNeese, Brenham, Tex., writes, with re-

mittance: "As I am going to Hill county and wish

to leave my paper for the children at home I en-

close \$1, and send MIND AND MATTER to McLain-

borough, Hill county, Texas. I must read the

paper while I live, as it suits my mind on the

next world, as it is called. I am a Spiritualist of

that order, no connection with Christianity. Let

people be Christians if they wish, but let us

go back to the dark ages. I like your course and

endorse it, as far as I understand it.

342 STATE STREET, Brooklyn, N. Y.,

May 21st, 1881.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR SIR:—I have often felt impelled to write you a line in commendation of your brave defence of our persecuted mediums. I am sure we Spiritualists owe all to our mediums that Spiritualism has done for us. It is through their instrumentalities that we have come into a knowledge of spirits' return and of a future existence. We ought to remember that the spirits choose their own mediums, and it is not for us to decide who shall be controlled and who shall not.

I rejoice that Mr. Alfred James found a friend in you during the time of his trials following his unfortunate visit to Brooklyn. Mr. James' spirit communications, in MIND AND MATTER, are exceedingly interesting and instructive, proving him to be a genuine medium. And I maintain that when anyone has proved himself to be a good medium, it is the duty of Spiritualists to stand by him in times of temptation, and encourage him to continue in cultivating his best gifts, and not turn upon him like wolves upon a helpless lamb, as I said to our Spiritualists here when they talked of "tar and feathers," and putting James behind prison bars. I said, "Did not the Master, whom you profess to follow, tell Peter to forgive his brother seventy times seven, and you are not willing to forgive him (James) once?"

We have had many exciting debates (growing out of Mr. James' visit to Brooklyn) in our conference; but I guess that we are coming into more peaceful times, which will be more creditable to progressive Spiritualists. I am among the number who opposed the exclusion of MIND AND MATTER from Everett Hall. I and some of my congenial friends were delighted with your defense of Cora Richmond from Mr. Bundy's attack upon her in the R. P. Journal in relation to Epes Sargent.

But I sometimes feel that your language is too severe and often unfair toward some of our best Spiritualists who are themselves the supporters of mediums; yet you are an editor, and must do your work in your own way; and while I would not presume to suggest a different course, I feel so grateful that we have one paper in which persecuted mediums are sure to have a warm friend, that I would like to have that paper perfect and its editor above reproach.

I hope these few lines will be received in the spirit of good will by which they are dictated. When Mr. Bundy visited Brooklyn a year ago, I said to him: "I hope to see the Journal softened toward the mediums, and not put into them the sword of truth and turn it slowly upon them." Mr. Bundy replied: "Mrs. Ruggles, you will be two hundred years in the spirit world before you find me or the Journal softened towards the mediums."

Excuse the length of this letter, and believe me fraternally yours,

EMILY B. RUGGLES.

—o—

A Worthy Case for the Benevolent.

We are requested to call attention to the case of

Mrs. R. H. Lyon, of Washington, who has been a

long sufferer from rheumatism, contracted in the

service of her country in the hospital, by which

she has been disabled fourteen years; and who, from the expense attending the necessary medical

aid, from the failure of those indebted to her to pay

their obligations, and from the death of a soldier

brother, has been reduced to the necessity of asking

aid from those who may feel that her case is a

proper one for the exercise of their fraternal in-

stincts and benevolent impulses. Any amount

that her friends may be disposed to invest in that

way may be sent to her direct, at 225 N. Jersey

avenue, N. W. Washington, D. C., which will be

gratefully acknowledged by her.

—o—

[A CARD.]



For MIND AND MATTER.

## WHO WAS PAPPUS?

Is There Any Evidence That This One Inquired After  
"Was a Learned Theologian and Divine?"

I am glad to see that Mr. Coleman, in MIND AND MATTER of April 30th, has responded to my inquiry, "Who was Pappus?" There are some things in his answer rather ludicrous, and others quite reprehensible from my standpoint, not his. He accuses "Inquirer" of "open or implied misrepresentations," and says: "His whole article seeks to mislead his readers both as to Mr. Davis and himself." Whether that is so or not, is for the readers to decide. Mr. C. is only an interested accuser in this case. Let the readers decide as to that. I plead, "Not guilty."

But Mr. C. may rest assured of one thing: he will not be permitted to go back on his record, as he has attempted to do; he must stand up to that. His article in the R.-P. Journal, of February 15, was written with the sole purpose and intention to excuse, apologize for, and to justify, as far as possible, A. J. Davis' baseless, silly, false and slanderous representation of the composition and proceedings of the Council of Nice, in settling the scripture canon, a matter that never came before the council at all. And to favor A. J. Davis' statement, that that council did decide what the whole Bible canon should be, Mr. Coleman himself voluntarily introduces into the public court, as his authority and his witness, Pappus, and endorses him as follows: "Pappus, a learned theologian and divine, informs us that a selection of the New Testament writings was made at this council" etc. Then he gives us a "stump speech," pro and con, trying to make the truth of his witness' statements appear plausible, that that council did settle the canon of the New Testament. Observe, Pappus is his sole authority on that side. Putting the weight of Pappus' testimony in that side of the scale, and what evidence he considered of weight in the other, he says: "My verdict would be, 'not proven, doubtful with the preponderance of evidence in the negative.'" What makes the matter doubtful in his mind? The authority of Pappus alone. If there had been less evidence on the other side, Pappus alone, by his weight of testimony, would have turned the scale in his judgment. Thus it is through the authority of Pappus, that he proves, as he thinks, that Mr. Davis might have been right when he said: "These (three hundred and eighteen books) decided that the books which composed the Bible as subsequently known, were the word of God." Yet, in his response to my inquiry, "Who was Pappus?" he repudiates his authority and disowns his witness. "Pappus," says he, indignantly, "is no authority of mine; I never endorsed the truth of his statements." Now, quit that "craw-fishing," I would not blame him for becoming ashamed of having endeavored to impose Pappus on his readers as of any authority at all. But as he did do it, he must stand up to the record, and own his authority.

Let us come to the subject as to who Pappus was. Mr. C. says: "It seems that the gentleman's extensive and profound researches have enabled him to fish up some valuable data concerning Eutychius. But Pappus troubles him sorely." Then Mr. C. does really think that Inquirer, notwithstanding his "scholastic nescience," that he twists him of, may sometimes "fish" with some success. That he has really "fished up," yes, "fished up" some valuable data concerning Eutychius. Thanks by the acre for the compliment. I wish I could return the compliment to Mr. C., and say that he had "fished up" from his "deep sea soundings" some valuable data concerning the Pappus I was inquiring after. But I could not do it without flattery. For the fact is, Win. Emmette Coleman, with all his "extensive and profound researches," that he so complacently takes to himself, has blundered most egregiously. And the result of his fishing for Pappus is, that he has fished up a Dutchman. He informs us:—"John Pappus was a German Lutheran theologian, born in Landau, Bavaria, in 1549, and died at Strasburg in 1610. He was educated at Tubingen, where he graduated as doctor of theology. \* \* \* The accounts we have of him represent him to be a man of prodigious memory and of very extensive learning. He was the author of a large number of works," etc. All that and much more may be true of this Pappus, and other things may be true of other Pappuses, and yet not have anything to do with the Pappus we are inquiring after.

This John Pappus is a modern Pappus. As he wrote 1500 years after the Council of Nice, his "prodigious memory" could not enable him to remember what took place more than 1200 years before he was born, unless he was a reincarnation from the Council of Nice. Suppose he did write, "The council, being convened in a house of God, [they were convened in a palace or royal hall], put the books down by the sacred table and prayed, asking the Lord that the inspired ones might be found upon and the spurious ones beneath the table, which was accordingly done;" would his statement of itself be any authority or evidence of any weight at all? If he quoted it as "an old tradition," which history says, it was, that would not give it credibility. If he quoted it as a historical fact, he misrepresented and destroyed his credibility. Mr. C. ought to have been more considerate than to have quoted such stuff to bolster up Davis' Munchausen story as resting upon facts. "Constantine was obliged to disqualify seventeen hundred and thirty (bishops) from deciding which books were and which were not \* \* \* the word of God. Only three hundred and eighteen were left. These decided that the books which composed the Bible, as subsequently known, were the word of God. \* \* \* After this decision, Constantine arose and solemnly declared that the same should be considered as sanctioned by the Divine Will; and that the books thus fixed upon should thereafter be implicitly believed as the word of God." A groundless, gratuitous, absurd, ridiculous, evil-intended, silly, uncouth, shameful, shameless "black lie," from first to last, inside and out! Furthermore, it is not pretended that, according to Pappus, anything more than a selection of the New Testament writings was made. "Pappus, a learned theologian and divine, informs us that a selection of the New Testament writing was made at this council." But Mr. Davis "does it up brown," he extends the transaction, with a parade of royal "fuss and feathers," to the whole Bible. The more a person tries to bolster up, put a foundation under, excuse, apologize, plaster over, smooth down, or fashion over, or vindicate, in any shape or manner, this baseless story, the bigger dupe he will find he has been trying to make of himself.

Mr. Coleman suggests, as one of the ways by which Mr. Davis might have got off the story, that he may have obtained it "in his clairvoyant intromission into the sphere of the world's literature and knowledge." If that is so, he had better keep out of the department after this, that he must have blundered into, both for his own credit and the good of Spiritualism. But I still say Mr. D. never did claim infallibility, though he might in the earlier part of his life, have thought himself considerably nearer to that ideal state than his way-marks show him to have been; neither do I believe he wants one error in his works perpetuated.

To return to Pappus. This John Pappus, being a modern, wrote some in his vernacular; but his studied, labored works he wrote in Latin. Hence his "Compendium of Ecclesiastical History in Relation to the Conversion of the Nations, Persecutions by the Church, and the General Councils," was written in Latin. But the Pappus, Rev. Robert Taylor quotes, and whose translation both Mr. Coleman and Mr. K. Graves take as their authority, wrote in Greek. And Taylor calls his work by a Greek name—*Synodium*—which is spelling, in Latin, the Greek word, *Synodikon*, meaning, pertaining to, or concerning the Synod, i. e., council. K. Graves takes this Pappus for the geometrician or mathematician of Alexandria, who flourished near the close of the fourth century. So he makes him an Egyptian. Rev. R. Taylor makes him, in language at least, a Greek. Finally, Mr. Coleman makes him a Dutchman. Truly this Pappus seems as hard to identify as Junius, and is being forced into about as many reincarnations.

I am not, as Mr. C. has published me, a "learned student in antiquarian church love." As I never have claimed to be, it ill became him to flout that appellation in my face, whether in sneering irony or not. And I have always acknowledged my "scholastic nescience." With this understanding I timidly venture to ask a few questions:

First. Does not the fact, unless Taylor misleads us all, that the Pappus under discussion wrote in Greek, indicate that he lived when and where Greek was the literary and written language, even if it was not commonly spoken there, just as John Pappus having written in Latin shows that he lived when and where Latin was the written literary language, if it was not spoken by the general population? Is not this proof that he must have lived many centuries before John Pappus was born? Please unhitch the Dutchman from your hook, and fish again far away from German shores, and through distressed, tempest-torn centuries, higher up the stream of time.

Second. I would remark, that it was not till after the Council of Chalcedon convened, A. D. 451, or a century and a quarter after the Nicene Council, that it became customary to hold their councils in churches. Did not this writer live so long after this was the practice, that being a "learned" ignoramus, he thought they were held in churches from the first?

Perhaps it would interest the readers to be reminded of some of those legends gotten up, long after the council, to add divine authority and spirit guidance to its proceedings, all equally unauthentic and unthought of, till long after every member of the council had passed away. One is, that whenever the bishops took their seats in the council and rose up to be counted, the number would be, every count, 319. But when they approached this bishop 319 for his indentification, he immediately turned into the likeness of his next neighbor, instead of reporting himself. This phantom, of course, was the Holy Ghost, who, to show that he was present with the council, always manifested, when they counted noses, long enough to get his nose counted, to show he was present to inspire their proceedings.

Another is, that of the 319 bishops, Chrysanthus and Mysonius died after having assented to the decrees of council, but before they were signed, and were buried there in the cemetery. "When the day for the final subscription arrived, the bishops took the volume to the grave of the two dead men, addressed them as Mussulmen still address their dead saints, and solemnly conjured them that, if now in the clearness of the Divine Presence, they still approved, they would come and sign with their brethren the decrees of the faith. They then sealed the volume, and laid it on the tomb, leaving blank places for their signatures, watched and prayed all night, and returned in the morning, when, on breaking the seal, they found the two subscription," as follows: "We, Chrysanthus and Mysonius, fully concurring with the first Holy and Ecumenical Synod, though removed from earth, have signed the volume with our hands." The word "first" shows this was not written till after there were other Ecumenical councils held to make that the first and not the only one.

Of the same authenticity with the above, and others that I might quote, is this Pappus' legend, that the canonical and apocryphal books were placed in a pile by the Holy Table, with prayers that the canonical might be found above, and the apocryphal under the table, and the manifestation was given. As the former legend was designed to make the ignorant believe that the Nicene creed was sanctioned by the signatures of "the spirits of just men made perfect," so the canonicity of the books of the Bible was also confirmed by spirit selection, none of these things was the council accountable for. They were first gotten up to make out the supernatural, divine guidance of the council, and the plenary inspiration of the creed and the Scripture, by covering over the real history and perverting it. They are selected and retailed now to smear at the council and the Scripture by covering historic facts with legends and lies. With as much propriety materialists might quote those legends of spirit manifestations to smear down Spiritualists as a set of ignoramus and deceivers, lying for the glory of God by claiming the same manifestations now, viz., "materializations," "independent slate writing," and "moving objects without contact." Or quote those legends as evidence that the council did itself practice those deceptions. Let us go to "bottom facts."

Mr. C. cannot think it my province to take his place in catechising Mr. Graves on "his proof," or that I can "inform the world what all those writers" promiscuously referred to, but not quoted by Mr. Graves, "do say about the council," when there is not one man in America, aside from Mr. Graves, who has seen and read them all, or perhaps the half of them. When Mr. Coleman tells us, as he has promised, "what he knows of it," may I not rest assured that a large amount of shallow pedantry will be unearthed in some quarters, and does he not coincide with "Inquirer," that it is high time it was done? "Score to the line, let

the chips fly where they will," if they hit "Inquirer."

I am not unwilling to write out an article or two on the historic "bottom facts" and the conclusions to which they lead on some "disputed subjects" and misapprehensions, if it should be desirable. But that need not interfere in the questions between Mr. Coleman and Mr. Graves, to prevent them from "informing the world what all these writers (referred to by Mr. G.) do say concerning the number of bishops constituting the council, and its action upon the canon of the New Testament," including the "mansard roof" put on to the story by Mr. Davis, that "its action" was upon the canon of the Old Testament with the New; which Mr. Graves adopts, referring to twelve writers by name "and a dozen other writers," who "all state or assume that the Council of Nice made a selection of books for the Bible," while Mr. Coleman only says it was "on the New Testament," and history on neither.

A word on his course rebuff for my having signed my article with a pseudonym. For doing this he says, "Cowards skulk behind pseudonyms. Why did not 'Inquirer' have the manliness and honesty to publish his unjust [?] criticism of Mr. Davis and myself over his full and true name? Is he ashamed of it? All men worthy of the name, should have courage enough to face the open avowal of their convictions."

I neither criticised Mr. Davis nor Mr. Coleman. It was only what they had written—not their doings. If I should criticise either of their actions as individuals, I should do it over my own signature. To do otherwise, as it would be a personal matter, would be a "pseudonymous stabbing in the dark," which he would mislead others to think this is. This matter is discussing subjects of early Christian history, outside of the personal character or conduct or professions of any concerned. It is just and proper that our pieces should be weighed by their merits without regard to the names of any of the writers. While my name would not, as it should not, add anything to the weight of my articles, Mr. Coleman's does give a prestige, at first at least, to his articles with his many admiring readers, even if he is so modest as not to desire full credit for his learning and mental powers in all his controversies.

Mr. C. must learn that he cannot browbeat "Inquirer," nor "jaw" him out of his privileges, nor scare him, with the awful hurricane momentum of his intellectual powers, from doing what brave, noble and honorable and truthful writers have ever done. Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, James Madison, and many others brave and good as they, wrote over pseudonyms. Were they "cowards, ashamed of their names?" Thomas Paine wrote many a controversial article during the stormy and angry times of our Revolution, as well as at other times, over pseudonyms. What can be more crushing than his article on the death of Lord Clive? Does Mr. Coleman presume to brand Thomas Paine as a "coward," as "ashamed of his name, skulking behind pseudonyms and stabbing in the dark?" Certainly not. Then, surely, I ought to be allowed to criticise the testimony of Pappus and Euthching, two witnesses that he brought forward, and also ask Mr. C. a civil question without such a fuss, because, as I really was and am, I signed myself INQUIRER.

## Spiritualism in Springfield, Mass.

As we have been holding a series of circles here this past winter, for the especial purpose of attaining corroborative proof of ancient history, a brief account of our success may be of interest to your readers. The medium who has acted as our instrument, is Mrs. B. B. Gilmore, formerly Brockett, who will be better known to many by the latter name, than the one she now bears, as she has been one of the old laborers in the field, and has had a wide experience as a medium. The method adopted for giving the ideas was to me somewhat novel, being the throwing of pictures upon a screen, which she says resembles a modern stereopticon process;—the difference between the two being, that ancient pictures were shown giving her scenes that were unlike anything she has ever seen in physical life. These views certainly are a startling method of showing ancient peculiarities of architecture, and its accompanying features of civil and religious institutions.

Temples, theatres, homes and scenes in each were faithfully depicted, which, if true, give an insight into the domestic and religious life of ancient Greece, Macedonia, Syria and Egypt, that go far to substantiate the fact that mediumship is sufficient to solve the mysteries of the past ages.

One evening a scene was shown in a temple of Greece, that spoke volumes upon the idea of virgin born gods.

A priestess in the temple of Diana was assailed and ravished by a soldier who obtained access to offer gifts. The priestess, to avoid expulsion (for none but virgins were allowed to minister at Diana's altars), concealed the truth, and when the child was born, declared it was the child of Zeus or Jupiter.

The child grew to manhood and naturally was as fierce and savage in disposition as his soldierly parent, and being a powerful warrior, was worshipped after his decease as a demi-god. The name of this virgin born scion of Jupiter was Ares or Mars.

It seems from several statements made concerning the worship of the Gods, that the priests in order to gratify their own lustful possessions, fabricated the story of sexual intercourse between the Gods and beautiful women, to conceal the truth of their own conduct, and that the orders of virgins and priestesses in the temples were instituted for the purpose of enabling the priests to secure safe facilities for the gratification of their criminal passions.

Between the philosophers and the priests there was the same hostility as exists at the present day, for many of the former were outspoken in their disbelief of the truth of so many gods or their interference with the order of Nature.

700 B.C. there were philosophers in Greece that taught the essential features of modern belief in the natural order of all that pertains to sentient existence, and who were persecuted for their faith unto death, by the devotees of Jupiter and his multiform satellites. Most of the Gods that have come down to us as such, were deified men who had lived in preceding ages, but who preceded them has not yet been given.

The transition of faith from Polytheism to the modern Christian dogmas was forced by the spread of philosophic knowledge, and the priests of Rome, Greece and Alexandria were obliged to effect a compromise with the public, by curtailing the number of Gods and changing the rites and ceremonies. This resulted in the modern Catholic

religion, which has retained all the bad and not much of the good in the old faiths.

The secret orders of the priesthood and the orders of nuns and monks have all the essential features of corruption that pertained to Paganism, while the ignorance that supports them in their facilities for secret crime is such as prevailed centuries ago. No wonder that the adherents of Catholicism in spirit or mortal life dread the spread of mediumship, and the coming of the ancient spirits with their stories of the facts by which all religions hold their power. No wonder that the earth has been enveloped in the darkness of midnight concerning the nature of the spirit here and hereafter, when from the birth of the infant, lies have been stamped upon the mind as truth, and truth has been systematically suppressed.

Such in brief are the facts as presented by the control of this circle, and the deduction that naturally arises concerning the value of mediumship in solving these mysteries of a religious nature is unquestionable. The truth will be forced through by those who know the facts, despite all opposition.

At the Lake Pleasant camp-meeting last summer, I asked one of Wm. Eddy's controls, while materialized, if it was true that the ancient spirits were coming to us with the facts of ancient history, and the answer was in the affirmative. The opposition to this method of ascertaining the secrets of religious mysticism seems futile, and if there should be the same tide of hostility toward other mediums that has been manifested toward Alfred James, you will have much corroborative proof of the truth of Jesuit malignity in spirit as well as in mortal life.

The effects of this opposition upon many phases of the Spiritual movement, seem to be traceable upon the hypothesis of organized opposition in spirit life, and probably all mediums have had enough difficulty in exercising their gifts to become satisfied that there is a power infernal somewhere, or mediumship would not be so doubtful a blessing to them.

However, by patience and perseverance the problem may be solved, and you with others enjoy the rest which the sore-tried and war-worn need and have bravely earned, in behalf of one of the most important discoveries to the race.

T. C. BUDDINGTON.

## Facts and Falsehood in Kansas.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

I thought it appropriate to pen you a few lines, giving you some information as to what the friends and enemies of Spiritualism are doing. I attended April 29th, a pretended expose of Spiritualism at Clifton, Kansas, by one who calls himself Prof. E. J. Beaumont. I was present on the occasion, being one of the committee to inspect the professor's tricks. As an expert rope tier and slight of hand performer, I admit he was a success. The materialization was a bungling affair; and your correspondent was disgusted with the whole proceedings. After so many spirit tests and spiritual phenomena since the manifestations of the Fox girls at Hydesville, to have a certain professor make an attempt to compare it with legerdemain, and to pronounce it a humbug, shows that another prefix would be more appropriate than professor. How can any intelligent person pronounce Spiritualism a humbug, when it is one of the greatest truths of this age? It is the crowning event of the nineteenth century. It is the consummation of all the proof needed to prove the glorious doctrine of the immortality of the soul. I will give you a synopsis of what occurred at my house, near Palmer, Friday evening, May 13th, 1881. Mrs. Fannie V. Foard was the medium. There were three of us in the house at the time, Mr. and Mrs. Foard and myself. We were taking tea, when Mrs. Foard arose from the table and went into another room and was there a few minutes, when she called us in to see a spirit light. We went and saw the light which moved on the walls of the room, backward and forward for some five minutes. It then took the form of a girl some ten years old, still retaining the same beautiful light, till it gradually disappeared, presenting one of the grandest scenes I ever witnessed. Ye sceptics what explanation can you give of the spirit child appearing on the side of the room? It being in my own house there was no possible chance for fraud or collusion of any kind. Modern Spiritualism, we welcome it at this age. It overthrows the old superstitions of the past. It has given old theology the best lesson it ever had taught.

All true Spiritualists should sustain MIND AND MATTER, for it is outspoken in defence of mediums and does not belong to the milk and water kind, but is radical and outspoken, in defending messenger from the spirit world. It is understood we are to have a meeting of the Spiritualists of Kansas, at Cawker City, sometime during the summer. It is hoped MIND AND MATTER may be introduced as well as the R.-P. Journal, and let the public judge which paper is doing most for the glorious cause. I believe, Brother Roberts, you are a bright and shining light in the midst of a dark and dying world. Yours,

GEORGE SMITH.

## Mediums' Home Fund.

We, the undersigned, subscribe or pledge the amounts set opposite our respective names, to found a national home to give relief and sustenance to worthy, needy mediums in the United States.

## CASH.

Am't previously acknowledged in MIND AND MATTER..... \$258 00  
Samuel Graham, Kingsbury, Ind..... 1 00  
A. Hornick, Vienna, Illinois..... 2 00  
J. D. Robbins, Terre Haute, Ind..... 59  
Mrs. Corbin, Malvern, Ark..... 1 00  
Mrs. Dr. J. Bull, Little Rock, Ark..... 1 00

Total Pledged..... \$122 40

## PLEDGED.

Pledges previously acknowledged in MIND AND MATTER..... \$258 00  
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dr. Bull, Terre Haute, Ind..... 2 00  
J. D. Robbins, Terre Haute, Ind..... 59  
Mrs. Corbin, Malvern, Ark..... 1 00  
Mrs. Dr. J. Bull, Little Rock, Ark..... 1 00

Total Pledged..... \$263 59

Mr. Geo. Rall, Treasurer of the Mediums' Home Organization, will receive and acknowledge your contributions. Address, No. 482 West Liberty Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

## Alfred James' Relief Fund.

In response to our appeal in behalf of Alfred James, we take pleasure in acknowledging that we have received the following amounts from the respective contributors: